

Perfectly delighted; my son expresses pleasure, which I cannot say. As it regards the manner they are prepared, I do not know myself, however, that there is far and during the performance—perhaps can tell you.

You do not think that there is any to see them? I think in itself, it is a very amusement to those who like it, and has never seen them, almost all with pleasure.

Astonished, mother, that you were not

we some that I think were very good. But I am as much astonished as and upon the crowd collected there and heard the cheers which they formed, I could not but be surprised the works of nature all around us are beautiful, which immense number, without even bestowing upon them one thought.

mother, you do not think that trees, houses and bridges, and such things, do you?

did almost, and I don't know but you, for thinking that houses and to the works of nature; but I do to laugh at children's ignorance, belongs to older people to tell them they are wrong, and aside from that, urges them too, from making in-

terested in a man that came to when he got home he told his

at the State House was the greatestosity that he saw. But I will tell houses, bridges, railroads and such

built by men, and are the works of art. But the works of Nature or

what God has made, such as this

that springs up from it, and is around

rocks, mountains, vegetables and

flowers, and a great many things

to mention,—the sun, moon, and

included in the works of creation.

upward last evening into the deep

saw the stars shining in their bril-

liant beauty, with the light clouds

around them, and then looked down

works at my feet, they seemed al-

as to beauty and variety of the

rainbow, or oftentimes the clouds

sun when it is setting, far exceed

man can invent.

ould you have me despise such things

not despise the works of taste and

the many of them, and I would have

means, cultivate a proper taste for

while you give man the praise that is

ould have you look about upon all the

ngs that God has made, and not in

Him the honor that rightfully be-

These flowers that were painted

ng ladies at Mrs. Murray's school,

so much admired, and which were in-

ial, were not colored and shaded with

those flowers are which you have

which you have just plucked from

and yet you wondered how they

en, and praised them very much,

en to look with indifference at those

only wish to have you notice such

hink of their Maker. C. A. A.

ORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. On the side of State House Square.—This is the best of the kind in the State, having been for many years. It is incorporated with \$200,000, secured in the best possible manner.—It insures Churches, Dwellings, Stores, Merchants, and personal property generally, from loss fire, on the most favorable and satisfactory

will adjust and pay all its losses with lib-

litude, and thus endeavor to retain the

patronage of the public.

ng to insure their property, who reside in

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through the Post Office, directly to the

their proposals shall receive immediate at-

mentlemen are Directors of the Company:

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INSURANCE COMPANY—In

for the purpose of securing against loss

Fire only. Capital, \$200,000, secured

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the Company is principally confined to

try, and therefore so detached that it is

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plishment.

ATORS OF THE COMPANY ARE,

Brace, Stephen Spencer,

Charles Thomas,

Elisha Peck,

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Joseph Church,

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THOMAS K. BRACE, President.

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This Company was incorporated by the

in Connecticut with a capital of One Hundred

and Dollars, for the purpose of effecting

insurance, and has the power of increas-

ing it a million of dollars.

will issue policies on Fire and Marine

favorable as other offices.

be made by letter from any part of the

here no agency is established. The Of-

fices for the transaction of business.

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Clark, Ezra Strong,

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Edmund G. Howe,

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NER, Secretary.

Christian Secretary.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BURR & SMITH.

"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

TERMS—\$2. PER ANNUM—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXIII.]

HARTFORD, FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1844.

[NEW SERIES.—VOL. VII. NO. 21.

The Christian Secretary

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT
THE OFFICE, CORNER MAIN AND
ASYLUM STREETS, 3D STORY.

TERMS.

Subscribers in the city, furnished by the Carrier, at Two Dollars per annum.

Papers sent by mail at \$2.00, payable in advance, with a discount of twelve and a half per cent. to Agents becoming responsible for six or more copies.

Advertisements will be inserted on the usual terms of advertising in this city.

All communications on subjects connected with the paper, should be addressed to BURR & SMITH, post paid.

REMITTANCES BY MAIL.—A Postmaster may enclose the money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself; but if the letter be written by any other person, the Postmaster cannot frank it.—POSTMASTER.

For the Christian Secretary.

The First Baptist Church in Colebrook.

Such have been my connexions with, and such are still my attachments to the members of the First Baptist church in Colebrook, Ct. that I wish to say a few things, through the medium of the Secretary, having relation to that dear people.

When I was in the green period of my youth and under the influence of my first love to the Saviour,

I felt it my duty to make a public profession of religion and to connect myself with the Church of Christ.

In doing this I was led, as I thought, by the Word, and Spirit, and providence of God, to unite with a little company of poor, and at that time despised, Baptists.

These, though living seven or eight miles from the Colebrook church, were members of that church, and were called the Norfolk Branch.

Such were the circumstances of this little company of Baptists at that day, in uniting with them and becoming a Baptist, I was obliged literally to make a sacrifice of all worldly prospects; to forsake father and mother, and sisters, and home; home, sweet, sweet home.

Thus was I cast upon the wide world, without

property, without experience in the world's ways,

without any one to guide me or to provide for me, save my heavenly Father, my dear Saviour, and that humble class of his professed disciples; to unite with whom and to attain to "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord, I had counted all things else but loss."

More than thirty years have since passed away and I am prepared to-day to testify to the church and to the world, that at no period of my life have I been more happy or more prosperous than at that time when I forsook all for Christ. Whenever I recur to those days and to those scenes of by-gone years, I associate with them the declaration in the Acts of the Apostles—"And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord." Thus it was with this little branch of the Colebrook church, and with the mother church itself, a great number believed, and were added to the church.

The name of Elder Rufus Babcock, Sen., is also always associated with this church in my reminiscences. He was one of that class of Baptist preachers, who in the origin of the church, and of the denomination in that place, bore the heat and burden of the day.

The Baptists in the State generally were then deemed a poor and disorganized sect, a sect that turned the world upside down, and was everywhere spoken against.

A quaint poet of that day describes them as

"Dipping Baptists, and duck-divers,

Who stream away to ponds and rivers;

And when the indecorous rise is o'er,

Come drenched and shivering from the shore."

The ministers too were reputed a set of ignorant, illiterate and unlearned men, and many were disposed to enquire, what can those babbler's say?

Unlearned indeed they were, so far as academic or collegiate halls or studies were concerned. Nevertheless, they were, in the best sense, learned men.

They were generally men of a sound mind; of good common sense; men of more than ordinary native talent. They were learned in the sacred Scriptures. They were men of deep and ardent piety. They understood human nature and knew well the way of access to human hearts.

They were strong in faith, rooted and grounded in love. Men they were, given to prayer, and in this lay their great strength, as saith a poet:

"On eagle's pinions borne

It climbs the mount of God;

It soars to the heights of Heaven;

It conquers the world, and rules the world;

It conqu

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

have confessed their inability to find it, we furnish a reference to it. It is our version reads: Then they that gladly were baptized: and the same day there them about three thousand souls." This accuracy and certainty on this point are pose that, as our pyramid is to turn a som- and Pseudobaptists are standing by to en- it must be that the "strong reason" of the agent. We imagine that we see it side of the pyramid to secure a seat on a. This being secured, undoubtedly its effect that destruction of equilibrium by will be brought to the earth. The text baptists, as excessive is their ignorance, unpaired with an explanation of its mean- then, proves that, since such as "gladly re- were baptized, the unconscious, infant, men of believers are to be baptized. Oh, orance! Here we are shut up by it, so receive either the logic or the honesty of. Such is the persuasiveness of Pseudobap- discern in that text a warrant for the believng child of pious parents which to the age of ten or twelve years. Now iniquated prof-text, nor one made for a fram ours. It is made for the latitude of and was adopted not ten years, and print. years since. Now why do not Baptists then such a stiffer as that text is thrust down Why does not our pyramid come down in- by so potent an engine? But is it a s and arousing fears under false pret- things are done with no more ground for 2: 41 affords for the baptism of house- creditable, from antecedent probab- proof-text in the Bible for the peculiarities is one so entirely subversive of their fact, and one that men do not blush to and print. C.

Roman Catholic Bull.

letter "To all Patriarchs, Primates, Arch- bosph" from his holiness Pope Gregory made its appearance in this country and were published both in Catholic and Prot. One of the principal objects of this letter warn the faithful against Protestant Bible specially the *Christian League*, a society for a year or two since for propagating, the Italians, the principles of religion, were nothing strange in the fact that the opposed to such an organization as this, or to a Bull for the purpose of counteracting. But we don't see how he can help himself nothing more than a fair business trans- Americans should send Bibles and missionaries for the numerous favors of a similar kind received at the hands of the Pope. Prot. asks for equal rights, and with these the best to crush it, but it will be a hopeless

Correction.

ORS:—I noticed in your last paper in the origin of the Unitarian church in Southington, a mistake in regard to Mr. A. Rogers said to have been for a time "Pastor of church in Southington." Permit me to say, Mr. pastor of any Baptist church, nor was he in the Baptist connection, but merely preach- a Unitarian in the church at Southington, which soon became too apparent for any to give him fellowship.

Yours, JUSTICE.

those cases which have occurred too fre- est churches. Special care should be taken sentiments of a preacher, and his standing before placing him in any pulpit. A licen- tial fellowship with the church can easily pro- tect the truth of the fact.

VERSITY.—The annual Commencement of will take place on Wednesday, the 4th of Tuesday, the day previous, the Hon. L. D. of Newport, R. I., will deliver before the Alumni Association, in the fore- noon, the Oration before the two Litera- under-graduates will be delivered by the B. Sprague, D. D. of Albany, N. Y., and the Rev. Dwight Ives, of Suffield, Conn. annual sermon before the Missionary So-

nes A. Bolles, of Batavia, N. Y. delivered William H. Burleigh, Esq. a Poem before of the Alumni of Washington College, afternoon. The Commencement exercises

BOARD.—The receipts of the Baptist to, to July 1, amount to \$ 6,384.00, be- dents for different missionary stations, about 339 dollars.

TO THE CHURCHES: WITH AN APPENDIX BIBLICAL SUCCESSION, 18 mo. pp. 120; New- ter V. Blake, 1844.

tains two sermons, together with an apostolical succession, by the Rev. Joseph Dr. Lathrop was pastor of the Congrega- West Springfield from the year 1756 to the well known as an able and voluminous sermons in the volume before us were pre- cease of the church having been deceived by acher from England. The author takes favor of a succession in the ministry from apostles to the present day. There are in these sermons, but we are not prepared to say. An introductory notice approves of Dr. Lathrop's sentiments, by the insight of the Episcopal Church, accom- a circumstance which indicates pretty much advanced in these sermons. For & Goodman.

ected Summary.

John Aull, from St. Joseph's arrived here on board two hundred passengers— were driven from their homes by the flood, to the old states from which they originally or them have lost their all, and are others are carrying with them the scanty property. In Aull left Independence, Ben's company to arrive in two hours, but she was so crowded, could not wait for them. The Missouri, could rapidly. —St. Louis Rep. 17th ult.

Gen. T. A. Howard of Indiana, our newly appointed Charge d'Affaires to Texas, arrived in New Orleans on the 12th ult. and left in the evening in the brig Rover, for Galveston.

We published some days since a statement that a certain Jonathan Walker had enticed a number of slaves away from Florida. On the 8th ult. Capt. Roberts, of the sloop Eliza Catherine, found them and brought them to Key West. Eliza Catherine, found them and brought them to Key West. Walker confessed himself an abolitionist from Massachusetts, and that he had induced the negroes to run away from Pensacola. Upon arriving at Key West, on the 9th ult., he was given up to the civil authorities. The magistrate, with the advice of the district attorney, has concluded to send the prisoner, Walker, to Pensacola, under the charge of Captain Farrand, of the U. S. steamer Gen. Taylor. —*Phil. Gaz.*

A shock of an earthquake was felt at Cincinnati on the 19th ult. between 5 and 6 o'clock P. M. and also in Memphis, Tenn., on the same afternoon, and at about the same hour.

An old building in Boston, occupied by Messrs. Richard Barry, marble manufacturer, W. H. Jennings, blacksmith, and W. P. Stone, wheelwright, was consumed by fire on Wednesday night last. They lost most of their stock and tools.

The pirates of the bark Saladin, at Halifax, have been tried and found guilty—principally upon their own confession. The names of those convicted are Charles Gustavus Anderson, Wm. Travagus, George Jones, and William Hazleton. Carr and Galloway were still on trial.—*Trav.*

WOMAN'S CHARITY.—That was a beautiful idea of the wife of an Irish schoolmaster, who whilst poor himself, but when increased in worldly goods, began to think that he could not afford to give his services for nothing:

"Oh, James, don't say the like o' that," said the gentle- hearted woman—"don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from seawater with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft, homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to let them in."

A Mrs. Robinson, residing near the corner of Chippewa street, yesterday attempted to commit suicide by cutting her throat with a razor. Some fearful gashes were made, but by the timely aid of Dr. Sprague the wounds were sewed up and it is supposed the lady will survive. Some slight alteration with her husband was the only reason which could be assigned for the act.—*Buffalo Economist.*

NORTHAMPTON AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.—The first four sections of this road, extending from the Western Railroad to Cummerville, are already in the hands of responsible contractors, who are to have it completed and ready for the rails by the first of November next. They are to commence operations in the ensuing week. The road will, therefore, probably be ready for cars before the first of December next. We understand that the contracts have been taken at 12 or 15 per cent. under the estimates of the engineer.—*Hampshire Gazette*

ANOTHER DUEL.—Passengers who came up the river yesterday reported a duel between two young men, just above Madison, Ind. The parties came aboard the boat, and arrived in this place. We did not learn who they were nor did we understand what cause created the meeting.—

The particulars of the meeting are, as given by one of the seconds, as follows: They met at half past 10 o'clock in the forenoon, took their stations, and were ordered by the commanding seconds to fire; they wheeled round, and in the eagerness to get a fire, the pistol of one of the parties flew out of his hand, the other fired, but without hitting his mark. The one who lost his pistol ran at the other, seized him, snatched a cane from a bystander and dealt several severe blows upon his opponent's head and face, inflicting very much. This is all we could gather of the matter and more than we wished to know of it.—*Cincinnati Herald*.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT.—The train of passenger cars which left this city yesterday at 2 o'clock, after proceeding about three miles was stopped in consequence of the wheels slipping on the rails, and while thus detained was run into by a train of wood cars, which followed them about half an hour after the passenger train left the depot. The concussion was very severe. The rear car of the first train was much broken, and the collector, Mr. Smith, was crushed between the end of the car and the locomotive of the wood train. A little girl about 10 or 11 years of age, the daughter of an emigrant, was killed by a piece of wood or iron which entered her eye and came out at the back of the head. Mr. Smith lived till about 8 o'clock in the morning. There was a dense fog at the time of the collision, which prevented either of the trains being seen by the other.—

The car of the passenger train which was run into, was filled with emigrants, and it is wonderful that there was no greater loss of life.—*Utica Gaz. Saturday.*

From the Boston Daily Mail, July 26.

DURING HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN BOSTON.

Last night about 10 o'clock, as Mr. David A. Boynton, who keeps a grocery store at the corner of Cross and Ann streets, was returning home, (having just closed the store,) was attacked by two persons, one of whom knocked Mr. B. down and succeeded in robbing him of a small amount of change, and several keys.

A gentleman named Shumway, who was near, raised an alarm, and ran to Mr. Boynton's assistance. The robbers then ran off in different directions, pursued by Mr. Shumway and one of the watchmen. The latter succeeded in arresting one of the robbers. The other escaped.

The captured robber gives his name as John Adams, but will give no other account of himself. Several skeleton keys were found on his person. Mr. B. was not much hurt. He had \$700 in his wallet, and a gold watch. The robbers were seen prowling about the store in the eve-ning.

The drama has not been for years at so low an ebb in England as at the present time. Theatres which have heretofore been good property, can now with difficulty find lessees. So says a late London paper.

EDWARD PERKINS, a gambler, shot another gambler named John White, dead, at Memphis, on the 9th inst. Perkins was shot.

A MORMON SHOT.—The St. Louis Republican of the 16th ult. states that a man was shot just back of Warsaw, Ill. on Friday previous. The guard stationed there saw three men, supposed to be horse thieves, fired on them and one fell.—He was a Mormon, and they were retreating at the time. This looks a little like shooting rather too fast. It shows the feeling toward Mormons in that quarter.

A SCENE WAS DRAWN AT NARRAGANSETT FIER LAST WEDNESDAY, containing the legend of a mimic haul on record in that part of the state so famous for its mimic hauls.

IT WAS FOUND NECESSARY TO PLACE SMALLER SEINES WITH THE LARGE ONE TO RELIEVE IT, AND WHEN OUR INFORMANT LEFT ABOUT 1,600,000 MANHADEN HAD BEEN LANDED, AND IT WAS SUPPOSED THAT 400,000 REMAINED TO BE DRAWN ASHORE. THE SCENE BELONGS TO JONATHAN N. HAZARD AND THURSTON ROBINSON.—*Pro. Jour.*

AN INNOCENT MAN HUNG BY A MOB.—Under this caption, the Paris (Mo.) Mercury narrates some curious par- ticulars connected with "mob law." Some years since, Mr. James Barnes, son of Aquilla Barnes, of Missouri, was hung by a mob in Arkansas, because he was suspected of having murdered the "Wright family," in one of the Counties of that State. Barnes to the very last asserted his innocence, but the mob were inexorable, and he was hanged by them. It now appears, from statements in the Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer, that the real murderers have been found and are in confinement at Fayetteville, in that State. There are three of them, by the name of Star and Reed, and they are said to have frequently boasted of the crime.—They will be convicted, it is said, on the testimony of many witnesses to these confessions. But their conviction will not restore the innocent man to life, nor save his murderers from the stings of remorse for so cruel an act.

The editor of the Mercury says that the news of Barnes's innocence is truly gratifying to him—for we personally knew Aquilla Barnes, and the Barnes family, twenty-six years ago, at Old Franklin, Howard County, Mo. His fa- ther, grand-father, and uncles, were men of high standing and respectability, many of them exemplary members of the church of Jesus Christ. How painful it must have been to his father and mother, the wife of his bosom, with her helpless babes, and his relatives, to be thus deprived of his society; and to think, too, that a mob hung him without judge or jury, under the charge of murder—thus blasting his fame, and putting a stain upon his poor little children, his unfeeling wife, his aged father and mother, together with his brothers and sisters, his friends and relatives.

GEORGE DENNY.—A youth of 18 was executed at Carmel, Putnam County, for the murder of an old man, on Friday last. He died impotent and hardened. The law of this state determines that executions shall be private; but this miserable youth was taken from the jail dressed in white, with the rope around his neck, to the front of the Court House, where a table was placed with a chair upon it, upon which he was seated, exposed to the gaze of some 3,000 people until half past 3 o'clock, when he was taken within a temporary enclosure erected near the jail, with some 40 or 50 persons inside of it, and hanged. While the clergymen, of whom there were four, were addressing

the people were fighting and rioting immediately within the sound of their voices—and his sister waiting with a wagon to take the dead body away.

We regret to learn that J. B. Vanier, a respectable inhabitant of the Parish of St. Scholastique, was found murdered by the side of his lime kiln on Sunday morning.—*Montreal Her.*

Bridgeport Bond Case—Decision of the Court.

It will be seen by the following letter that the decision of the Supreme Court is against the claim of Bridgeport in the Bond Case, and that private property is held for the debts of the city.—*Courant.*

Correspondence of the Palladium.

Bridgeport, July 20, 1844.

Messrs. Editors—Gentlemen: The decision of the Supreme Court of Errors in regard to the Bond Case which was tried at Fairfield at the June term, was received to-day.

It is against the City and confirms the claim of the pro-

ceedings of the Sheriff in breaking into a store and taking

private property to satisfy a judgment against the city arising

from the bonds issued for the building of the Houston-

P. R. I. —Yours,

Stamford Bank.

We find the following notice in the last Stamford Advo-

cate:

In consequence of publications I have seen in some pa-

pers relative to the late Cashier of the Stamford Bank, I

have visited the Bank and examined into its concerns.

The Bank holds securities to a greater amount than any

supposed deficiency in the accounts of the Cashier, and I

believe from information which will realize from them enough to cover any loss.

I have no doubt from my examination into the affairs of

the Bank, of its ability to discharge promptly all its liabilities.

W. M. MATHER, Jr.,

One of the Bank Commissioners.

Stamford, July 22, 1844.

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Stam

Poetry.

From the Southern Churchman.

The Neglected Bible.

BY C. D. OF WASHINGTON.

It lays on the table—a fond mother's gift—
Encased in embossment of crimson and gold,
Yet none venture its cover to lift;
Its pages of light are not read as of old.

My Mother! I fancy thy spirit is near;
At night, to my vision thy form hovers o'er;
But still at the morn and the evening thy prayer
At home's sacred altar is offered no more.

Peace flies from my heartstone affrighted and dread;
In its place the dark form of contention holds sway,
O, God! I would again that old Bible were read!
O, God! that as once I but knew how to pray!

I listen in vain for the hymn of the morn;
Its moments are passed in the sluggard's repose;
If ever the Bible, in spirit forlorn,
Is opened, I'm eager its pages to close!

In prayer the young group cease to gather around;
The lips that discoursed of Religion are hushed
And hopes that in boyhood sprang up at the sound,
Manhood, are scattered, and mangled, and crushed!

Alas! that regardless of all that was pure
And holy in woman, this heart should despise
The world that was destined by God to endure
Till sounds the last trump for the sleepers to rise.

But oh! it is ever too late to persevere
That volume so radiant with truths from on high?
Does God the poor tribute of sinners refuse,
Tho' late, if sincerely repentant their cry?

—Lon. Bap. Rep.

Carmel. Turning gravely towards the minister, "D'ye o'n ddeveyd dim?" said Owen. "The candidate says nothing. Sir, it is not time for baptizing yet—too soon, I doubt. Some future occasion, perhaps, may be more favorable." It must be owned that the worthy minister, for once, was blank; and he retired, perhaps, to meditate upon this specimen of preaching from one, whom, till now, he had known only as a hearer; having to reflect also that, upon this same topic, he had, in times past, been preaching, in his hearing, full many a homily, as it now seemed, in vain!

"The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

"What dost thou here, Elijah?" might be said to many a Baptist in a Pseudo-baptist church, in whose case the same excuse cannot be alleged, as in the case of this not unimortal son of the mirthful and noble "Christmas." Would that all Baptists were alike true to their principles, as was this man from Mon's Isle. But it was not likely that Owen's home would be otherwise than too warm for him after this. It was about this period, that he first called upon the writer, who together with him, and some half a dozen besides, ventured on the commencement of a Welsh Baptist interest in that place; which long since, has built itself a chapel, and, after the lapse of thirty years, still flourishing under the smile of heaven. "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

(For mine is a better and brighter revelation than theirs.) For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in the flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

But it is not the antiquity of these monuments, however high, which constitutes their value; it is the precious central truths of revealed religion which they record and which they have handed down from the first ages of the post-deluvian world, that raise them above all price. Viewed in this respect, they strike at the very root of scepticism, and leave not even his own hollow ground beneath the feet of the unbeliever. For, if what the infidel vainly would bring into the question, as originating with Christianity, stands here, registered as the primeval faith of mankind, there is an end, at once, to the idle sophistry of unbeliever!

"The inscription on the rock of Hira Ghora, a

contemporary witness of the faith of the most

ancient of the old Arabians, changes the state of

things, placing beyond the cavils of scepticism it

self, at once, the fact and the purity of their be

lief in the scriptural doctrine of the resurrection:

and presenting to the eye this great gospel truth, (to borrow the language of Mr. Burke,) "cov

ered with the awful hour of innumerable ages."

An Infidel on his Death-Bed.

The writer of this, was called about mid-day to visit a young man in the last moments of life.

He was a professed Infidel, and refused any spiri

tual aid, or the services of a minister. On enter

ing the room—the scene was truly awful—the

young man was dying—near the bed sat his wid

owed mother and sisters. He was struggling to

hide his fears an appear calm and collected in the

conflict with death. As I approached him, the

window was slightly opened to admit sufficient

light, he turned towards the window, and as his

eye for a moment rested on me; it was only a

moment, however, for he quickly turned away

his face towards the wall, and seem determined to

prevent my conversing with him. I took his hand,

he withdrew it; I asked him to look at me, and

talk about his latter end—he groaned and hid him

self beneath the bed-clothes, again I held his hand,

and by gentle force turned him towards me. His

countenance was intelligent, his features good,

his appearance indicated 20 or 21 years of age.

Shall I pray with you my friend? No, no, no,

said he—I don't believe in prayer. Shall I read

a portion of God's holy word? No! oh don't

worry me; I don't believe the Bible; why add to

my sufferings with such things—I tell you I am

an Infidel, and all I ask is to be left alone. Do

you know you are dying my young friend? Yes!

I know it well enough—I never shall see that sun

rise or set again—I wish it was over—I wish I

was dead—I wish you would leave me, I did not

send for you—Mother, mother, send this man

away; it is useless to talk with me. Oh! my

boy, cried the almost heart-broken mother, do lis

ten to the word of truth, you will soon be beyond

its reach—you are fast hastening to the judgment

—oh! my child, 'tis a fearful thing to meet God

unprepared: her sobs choked her utterance. I

knelt by his side and prayed for God's spirit to

bring the wanderer back. He rolled and tossed

in his bed, and constantly interrupted me during

my prayer—I then read from the Bible such verses as

I thought would lead his mind to right reflection.

—He hid his face, placed his fingers in his ears,

begged me to desist, and groaned so audibly as

to alarm those in the room. As I passed towards

the door, I grasped his hand and said farewell, my

friend—he raised his eyes towards me and seem

ed to be willing to listen. Suppose, said I, we

were on a ship together, and in some violent storm

the ship was wrecked—I had secured a plank, as

I clung to it for safety, refused to let you take

hold—what would you think of me? Think of

you, said he, I would think you were a selfish

wretch. We have been wrecked—here, pointing

to the Bible, is the plank on which I rest—the

billows of death are riding over you, and will you

lay hold, before it is forever too late. Before you

are the shoreless ocean of eternity; the voice of

mercy may yet be heard—turn you, for why will

you die. Your infidelity is no security for such

a storm. Think of your Saviour, oh! look to him

as your only staff, your only sure support. He

kept my hand; the tear starting in his eye; his

whole soul was centered in the gaze of agony.

It is too late, too late; there is no mercy, no hope,

for me, I am lost, forever lost!

Before the sun set, his soul was in eternity;

—gone to the audit. At 12 years of age he left

the Sabbath School; entered a printing office, as

associated with infidelity—drank the poison. At

20, summoned to the bar of God, without a ray

of light to cheer the darkness of the valley of

the shadow of death. Young man, think of this

sad story, and flee from sin, to holiness and God.

—North American.

Churchquakes.

We read and hear of earthquakes, but this

seems to be a day of churchquakes. The Presby

terian church divided a few years since, and there

is more prospect of still further subdivisions than

union, in that branch. The Episcopal church is

undergoing a mighty agitation on one subject,

the Methodists have nearly or quite divided on

another, and the Baptists, having no central gov

ernment, and showing their union only by their

cooperation in voluntary societies for the promo

tion of specified objects, talk of dividing even in

those societies. What all this portends we can

not foretell. Certain it is that we are fallen on

critical times, and perhaps even the beginning of

the end doth not yet appear. We live in the

railroad age—more than that, in the lightning age,

steam has become altogether too slow for the

transmission of intelligence, too sluggish to use

as a figure. We are sweeping rapidly past the

roots of mighty mountains, on whose dim and

distant tops, our forefathers long and anxiously

gazed. Crises, which we had placed far in the

future, are hurried upon us, and we find ourselves

in positions in which we had, in our dreamy im

aginations, wondered how our posterity would

act. The rapid progress in the arts has ceased

to excite our astonishment, yet these are but

the index, the type, the forerunners of the prog

ress that must succeed in the religious world.—

History shows that this has been the case hitherto,

reason and revelation both assure us that

it will be so hereafter. New elements of un

known power are rapidly coming to the light, and they must be computed by those who would calculate the future. This much only can now be foretold, and in this, communities and individuals may both find consolation, the church will triumph in the end, and the Lord knoweth those that are his.—*Cross and Journal.*

To-morrow we Die.

So say the free thinker and the libertine. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Life is short. It is but a little time that we can enjoy the pleasures of the game, the fascinations of the theatre, the licentious riot. Let us Make the most of passing hours, and increase their value by crowding them with pleasure." It is thus that the sons and daughters of pleasure count the hours of life? Do they think them few and fleeting, too few for the purposes of pride, and lust, and vanity? A fact so singular and affecting should not be lost. The Christian should be instructed. If the lovers of pleasure exclaim, "To-morrow we die, let us feast and mirth today," should not the friends of Christ use the same argument for another purpose?" To-morrow we die; to-day let us pray without ceasing, oppose sin with firmness, and do good with all our might. To-morrow we die; to-day let us abase pride, suppress covetousness, be ashamed of our envy, and think what it would profit us to possess the whole world without religion. To-morrow we die; to-day let us be patient under losses, cheerful in poverty, comforted under bereavements, supported in sickness, seeing all these things are so soon to end. To-morrow we die; then let us review life, forgive enemies, look into the grave, lay hold of the promises, and see that we are ready to shut our eyes upon the world and open them on Heaven. If to-morrow we die, then both the serious and the profane, the worldling and the Christian, may easily determine how it becomes them to fill up the day or the few days, that precede dying.—*Boston Recorder.*

The Religious Herald, of Richmond, Va., notices the expression of the Maine and New Hampshire Baptist Conventions, on the appointment of slaveholders in the Home Mission Society, and says,—"The only way of getting rid of this difficult matter decently, is to withdraw. This we recommend to our New Hampshire and Maine brethren.—Our advice is directly the reverse. We say to the New Hampshire and Maine brethren, 'Hold on.' Already your influence is felt.—Retain, and increase it, by standing in the liberty in which you now are.—*Reflector.*

WILLIAM J. GRAVES, the murderer of Ciley, says a correspondent of the Congregational Journal, has his residence at Louisville, Ky.,—is reported wealthy, and lives in great style, in one of the largest and most elegant dwellings in the city.

But his mind is ill at ease; a worm is at the root of his enjoyment; Conscience is his tormentor; he is haunted and troubled with fears and terrors. O that he might be led to that blood—it is blood that cleanseth from all sin, when accepted with penitence and faith.—*Bost. Recorder.*

CHRISTIANITY PROTECTED IN THE TURKISH